

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

# Ruck

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## PUCK.

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## PUCK'S PANTHEON

opens its doors this week to Mr. S. J. Tilden. Other notabilities will be immortalized hereafter.

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## A VALENTINE FOR GRANT.

THE gay little deity who presides over the happy and prosperous fortunes of this journal is not on terms of intimacy with the gorgeous Shepherd or the tarry Robeson; and these two bull-dogs in the gate-way to Grant have prevented Puck, therefore, from being on familiar terms with the ex-President. Therefore, we should never be guilty of the boldness of personally addressing U. S. G. were it not that in this blessed month of February the holy St. Valentine grants us the indulgence to do so without violating any of the proprieties.

So we send out our missive along the shores of the Eastern seas among Khans, and Ameers, and Tycoons, and Rajahs, sure that in the end it will reach the hands of the hero of Appomattox.

We think that our wandering Ulysses will appreciate the kindly suggestion and take the hint conveyed to him on our first page. Like that most wretched horloge de mon gran' père, he has "stopped—short—never to go again." One good term deserved another, and U. S. G. got it; but one bad second term didn't deserve a third, so U. S. G. didn't get it. There was, if we can make ourselves understood, too much Whiskey Ring about his administration; there was too much Belknavery and cheating about post-traderships to make the White House healthy; there was the sewer-gas of the late Attorney-General Williams permeating the Cabinet Chamber, and the stench of Babcock alone made it necessary to cleanse the Executive Mansion. The eyes of the American people glared at the festive Shepherd and the frisky Robeson. And even wished that they—the eyes—were basilisks to strike them dead—those very heavy-fingered gentry who walked off with the pavements of Washington and the Navy of the United States in their pockets.

Grant, wisely, got out of the storm. He kept quiet until it blew over, and now Rumor, with her thousand tongues, proclaims that he proposes to come back.

To run for a third term.

Conkling (Grantite) is back.

Cameron (Grantite) is back.

Carpenter (Grantite) is back.

Jack Logan (Grantite) is back.

And Zach Chandler is on the road!

If Mr. Grant only knew the shiver which crept along the backbone of the nation when some of the above gentleman were returned to the Senate, he would as soon think of taking a step-ladder to crawl up a moonbeam as to try and reach the White House again.

He is obstinate, however, is Grant—mulish. A mule typifies Grantism. It should be ashamed of its ancestry, and, thank God, it can hope for no posterity.

As Grant wouldn't take our hint and become King of Bulgaria, we hope he'll come home and live a retired—a very retired life, somewhere where whiskey grows and cigars sprout out from bushes, and Army Officers, with nothing to do, are plenty.

But as for the Third Term, let him remember that Grantism is played out.

Tick! one term—Tick, tock—two terms,  
 And the thing's stopped—never to go again,  
 For the "old man"'s politically dead!

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

IT'S no funeral of ours. The politicians may bury each other, and pile Pelions upon Ossas over their remains; but it is funny when the President exhibits, after weeks of trading and dickering and canoodling, such a "dead give-away" as Mr. Hayes has done in the recent N. Y. Custom House imbroglio.

As is 20 to 13 so is the fact that the President has presented to the nation the funny picture of the Executive being opposed by his own party, and supported by his opponents. The fun of the matter is that Mr. Hayes himself was the boss-engineer of this very mortifying spectacle, which was successfully manipulated by Mr. John Sherman. And yet they rejoiced over it; they skipped like young lambs; yea, they clapped their hands and were glad. It is said, at the Cabinet meeting after the defeat of Conkling, that Mr. Evarts kissed John Sherman; and that Uncle Dick Thompson squirmed in a passionate embrace with P. M. G. Key. And that General Devens stood up on a sofa, flapped his arms and crowed as if he were a rooster, is a matter of history. Even Hayes offered to suck a prepared orange, if they'd make it mild and put no nutmeg in it; and it is known that Private-Secretary Rogers choked himself purple while giggling with joy at the key-hole.

And the result of it all is that the Republicans won't rally 'round the President, and that the Democratic support is only to be had when purchased.

But there is one lesson to be learned from these shilly-shally politicians who occupy the places of the Statesmen of the past. Conkling sees that Mr. Hayes is a bigger man, with his executive power, than he thought; and Hayes, like the little nig. who having eaten a watermelon without internal pains, thought he could go on eating them forever—Hayes, we say, having gobbled up Conkling once, thinks he can go on gobbling him up ad infinitum.

Perhaps he could if he had his party to back him. But no Republican President can try this game on with Democratic votes.

Very soon, like the little nig. he will be doubled up.

He laughs best who laughs last.

Both being alive, in the year 1881, Mr. Conkling will be a power in the U. S. Senate; while Mr. Hayes will rest in that coldest and dreariest of all places—that Tomb of the Capulets—in which are buried out of sight and out of memory the ex-Presidents of the United States.

## Puckerings.

IN hog signo vinces—the motto of Cincinnati.

THE field young men should cultivate for the acquisition of polite manners and good breeding—Chesterfield.

WE wish some philanthropist could induce our barber to believe that quinine is better than onions for dumb chills.

THE last vessel of the Papal navy, the "Immaculate Conception," has been sold. What is a Holy See without ships?

IF language was invented to hide thoughts, most of our Congressmen might just as well have been born deaf mutes.

THE friends of Tilden are so anxious to skin alive the cipher dispatches, that they don't propose to leave a particle of Pelt-on the "nephew of his uncle."

IF you would have at least one appreciative auditor, select from the company a young fellow with a handsome set of teeth as the direct recipient of all your vilest jokes.

HE put his arms around her waist  
 And swore an awful swore,  
 And as he jerked it off again  
 He said,  
 I've felt that Pin-afore.

SPELL it *Liederkrantz*, and pronounce it the other way.

And when you go to the *Leeder Kranz*,  
 Take along with you your sisters and your  
 cousins and your aunts.

TO THOSE of our funny friends whose Pegasus of humor is clipped by political faith and handicapped by pledge to party, we offer the assurances of our distinguished commiseration, the while we run our pen and pencil through frauds of every ilk, and never care a *Dem.* or a *Rep.*

BUT it must be horribly aggravating, after lying awake half the night concocting a political squib, cute and cutting, to realize the next morning the sad fact that the shores of imagination and exaggeration afford no harness by which the joke could possibly be hitched on to the opposition party.

PLEASANT! Ten cents car-fare; one cent fee; advertised letter; bill from washer-woman; out in country; doing up white linen suit. Oh, yes! remember! two weeks vacation; pic-nic; sat down—down—soft—yielding—damp—wet—dish black-berries—delightful! Oh, yes! Ha! Ha!

## MARQUIS OF LORNE ON PUCK.

"Do you never read Puck?"

"No, never."

"What, never?"

"No, never."

"What, never?"

"No, never—and I think it extremely ungentlemanly on your part to ask so many questions."

## Notice.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), and No. 56 (issue of April 3rd 1878) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at 25 Cts. per copy, No's 82, 84 and 85 will be bought at full price.



## PRESENTATION TO MR. KEPPLER.

THE PUCK office presented an unusually gay aspect yesterday morning on the occasion of the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Keppler, the well-known artist of Puck, by the leading members of the clergy of several denominations.

The whole of the household and retainers of the Puck establishment were ordered to be in attendance in full uniform at eleven o'clock, in the Great Hall of the Palace, which had been specially decorated for the auspicious event.

From the noble and lofty roof were suspended banners on which were emblazoned in letters of gold the triumphs of the historic house of Puck, from the year 1 to the present time. The walls were gracefully though fantastically festooned with gorgeous Gobelin tapestry blended with the rarest of the rare Eastern tissues, while roses of the purest and most unadulterated type hung around in astonishing and bewildering profusion. The subdued light through the richly stained glass windows fell with gentle softness on the fairy-like scene, exhibiting the nuances of the variegated tints on which it dallied in all their more delicate and shimmering beauty.

A bust of Eli Perkins was a conspicuous object in the extreme background.

At 10 minutes past 11 the heralds stationed in the court-yard sounded a flourish of trumpets, which indicated the approach of the deputation. At the same instant a salute of 21 guns was fired from the Puck private battery, the Puck red cross standard was run up to top of the flagstaff tower and displayed its ample folds proudly and majestically in the breeze. A regiment, a thousand strong, of Puck guards, in parade uniform, presented arms, while the band played "Hold the Fort, for I am coming."

The delegation consisted of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. De Witt C. Talmage, His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Bishop Littlejohn, Rev. Dr. Tyng, and many ministers of other denominations, dissenters, tencenters, etc. Judge Henry Hilton was the only layman of the number, and acted as aide-de-camp to Bishop Littlejohn.

Puck, resplendent in a new dress-suit, having received the

HOLY GUESTS, ushered them into the great hall. The great organ—performed on by Mr. Morgan—courteously lent by Dr. Talmage for the occasion—pealed forth a welcome, while all the devils (printers), typos, and members of Puck's staff, joined in a Hallelujah chorus.

Puck retired for a few minutes, and then returned with Mr. Keppler, who was received with loud plaudits.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER now stepped forward and thus addressed Puck's cartoonist:

"Mr. Keppler, you will, I am sure, give us credit for sincerity when I assure you that the reverend gentlemen for whom I am permitted to be the humble spokesman look upon this moment as the proudest of their lives. To be brought face to face with the greatest artist of modern time would under any circumstances be an honor. But when that artist uses his pencil so powerfully in the interests of the pure religion of which we are the ministers, it is indeed a glorious privilege that is vouchsafed us. In asking your acceptance of the accompanying Hymn book and Chromo, I would point out that the significance of the gifts must not be judged so much by their value, as in the singular unanimity of the donors who, although representing widely different creeds, unite in honoring a man who has treated them all with equal impartiality. I trust you will continue in the godly path you have marked out for yourself, and you may depend upon always retaining our friendship and esteem."

MR. KEPPLER,

who wore the brilliant uniform of the Franz-Josef Austro-Hungarian hussars, having cleared his throat with a schooner of lager and a pretzel, replied as follows:

"Mein Christian Freund Heinrich Beecher, und dose other fellers dot sind in der gospel pizziness, how you vos? Dose hymn book und chromo sind sehr fein, und I likes em eben so vell wie Mr. Nast like his silber pitcher von den Amerikanischen Soldaten. Ja, I tink I likes em viel besser. Es ist gar nit möglich, wissens, dot I kann so gut words use as you fellers make in your kirches when you preachen sometimes, aber I can draw in zwei languages. I shall von dot hymn book sehr oft singen, and ven I bin müde I shall at the chromo looken um asleep to fallen."

Mr. Keppler here received from the hands of Judge Hilton the hymn book and chromo. The latter is in the first style of art, and consisted simply of the legend, "Give us this day our daily Vienna Bread." Judge Hilton sotto voce intimated that Mr. Keppler would be at liberty to change this for "We trust in the Lord" without prejudice to mercantile agency ratings.

Mr. Keppler now stood beer from the *Tribune* rum-shop for the whole crowd, two kegs and a large supply of pretzels being placed at the disposal of the reverend gentlemen, who did them ample justice.

OLD HUNDRED

was then sung with full chorus, organ and band, in honor of Puck having reached his hundredth number, and amidst another salvo of artillery, the blare of trumpets, drums beating and colors flying, the eminently Christian delegation reluctantly withdrew, expressing themselves well satisfied with the manner in which they had been received and entertained.

Mr. Nast, we are informed, intends sending his testimonial back to the army and navy; he thinks this presentation business is being overdone.

Mr. Keppler's Hymn book and Chromo will be on view (weather permitting) at the Puck palace, as soon as a burglar and fire-proof glass case can be constructed to hold them.

## AT THE MASQUERADE.



"Oh, please, sir, are you the benevolent old gentleman of large means who advertised in the *Herald* that he wanted to adopt a healthy American infant with blue eyes and fair hair, full surrender?"

## "CHARITY" BALLS.

IF all sorts of steeples, domes, minarets and spires piercing through a Sunday morning fog would make a city pious, surely Brooklyn should be a city of saints. And if the money that is lavished on "charity balls" in New York can convey a correct idea of the generous outpourings of the rich into the scanty coffers of the poor, surely the wolf can never sit at the poor man's door, nor the cold blast of poverty freeze his heart.

But as, in spite of churches, Brooklyn has filled more pages of our *Chronique Scandaleuse* than any other city on the Continent, so the electric lights flash on the sheen of silk and satin and glitter on the brilliant diamond at our New York charity balls, while "Mrs. A. B. C., of 414 Avenue Q, with three small children, was found dead from cold and exposure."

It is the idea of this journal that every man and woman in this country should be accorded a square deal.

Mr. Delancey Kane is rich, and we rejoice to see him tool his four-in-hand along the umbrageous road. Mr. James Gordon Bennett has his tidy bank account, and Puck is happy to see him spend his shekels in Polo, or in discovering an undiscoverable North Pole. If Mrs. Morey-Antick or Mrs. Baker Beane or Miss Saulte Caude, drawing upon the resources left them by their great-uncle Shauddie, see fit to buy silks from Arnold & Constable or diamonds from Tiffany, we are glad of it; and we like to see them pay \$20,000 for Meissoniers, and to spend five figures for flowers and music for balls—not to speak of the bills of the French chef, the wine merchant and the modiste. This is all right. We like it.

But if Kane drove his horses to fodder the starved children of the Sixth Ward; or Bennett started for the North Pole on the charitable pretense of giving cool air to the over-heated little ones of Baxter street; or if Mmes. Beane or Morey-Antick give their be-flowered and bediamonded and bewildering balls under the sacred name of charity, it seems to us as if the colossal proportions of the Humbug demand a voice in protest.

Messrs. Bennett and Delancey have their little rackets fairly and above board. If they want four-in-hand and Polo, they say Polo and four-in-hand. They don't say charity. But the ladies—God bless 'em!—won't go in for fun and frolic unless they mix it up with a claim for alms-giving, which, according to the money expended, is practically of no benefit. It is easy to determine this fact, when we consider that the expense of one lady's dress, jewels, flowers, carriage, etc., is often of greater value than the sum total realized for the "charity." The very lamps from our great ball-rooms on "charity" nights shine alike on the gorgeous dresses of the lady-patronesses issuing from their carriages and on the shivering tramp, glad even for the cold warmth of the flaring gas-lamps. And when, in the midnight hour, the fun grows fast and furious, the lights shine out on the wretched little cadger, returning with empty basket from foraging among the areagates; and he gazes at the lights and listens to the music, but it is all a muddle to him. Were he wiser he might reason: "Ef they wants to make me appetite stop a-clawin' at me, an' ef they wants to gimme clothes to keep the shivers off'n me, an' ef they wants to gimme a bed wid reg'lar bed-clothes onto it, why doesn't they buy me hash and stewed tripe an' clothes an' things? What's the use of spendin' ther money in flowers an' fiddles an' kerridges? That don't help us." But the poor boy can't reason, so he "moves on" to the Potter's Field, or worse and—

"Bai Jove! Grand success! Won't you have some wine with me?"



## THE CHAPLAIN OF THE PINAFORE.

THE Philadelphia papers have already informed us that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, while in that city, went to the theatre, for the first time in his white-souled life, and saw "H. M. S. Pinafore."

If this piece of news has found its way into the excellent prints above referred to, it is quite safe to assume that it is pretty well known throughout the country.

Therefore our readers will not be entirely unprepared for the intelligence we are about to communicate. Knowing that Mr. Beecher expressed himself highly delighted with Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's charming operetta, it will not come upon them with an utterly overwhelming shock of surprise to learn that the Pastor of Plymouth has actually resolved upon making it the vehicle for his first appearance upon the regular dramatic stage.

That Mr. Beecher has long cherished the intention of seeking a wider field for the exercise of his peculiarly theatrical talents than has hitherto been afforded him by the pulpit or the witness-box, is a fact well known to many of the clerical gentleman's admirers.

But we believe we are the first to make any positive announcement of his plans and purposes.

Mr. Beecher has had the opera of "Pinafore" rewritten, in part. This was not alone in order that he might be suited with a more characteristic rôle than the play in its former state could offer him; but also to enable him to receive the support of a valued colleague, whose presence and coöperation will cheer and inspire him on his début.

"Pinafore" has, therefore, been so altered that Mr. Beecher finds a congenial part in *The Chaplain of the "Pinafore"*; while the Mr. T. Dewitt Talmage, another reverend débutant, is well suited with an enlarged and improved *Dick Deadeye*.

We have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of looking over the libretto of the new "Pinafore;" and we are permitted to copy, for the benefit of our readers, a few of the more important changes, in the bright and sparkling measures that have so completely captured the popular ear within the last few weeks.

As may be supposed, the *Chaplain* is the *Admiral* of the original score; the part in which Mr. Whiffen has made so great a hit—a hit, of course, soon to be eclipsed by his prospective ministerial rival. The *Chaplain's* first entrance is made, as in the more familiar form, to the chorus:

"Over the bright blue sea  
Comes the Plymouth Pastor, H. W. B.!"  
Wherever he may show,  
The husbands for their revolvers go.  
Shout for a back-door key  
For the Plymouth Pastor, H. W. B.!"

His first solo runs:

"I am the Brooklyn Busy B.;  
The Pastor of the Plymouth C.  
Whose beauty my parishioners' spouses haunts—

CHOR.: Same effect on their sisters and their cousins  
and their aunts!"

But instead of the famous autobiographical aria: "When I was a lad," Mr. Beecher makes use of the music now allotted to the captain, and sings:

[Song and chorus, *Chaplain* and crew.]

CHAPLAIN: I am the Chaplain of the Pinafore!  
CREW: And a right good chaplain, too!  
CHAP.: You're very, very good,  
And be it understood,  
I preach to a right good crew!

## AN ILLUSTRATED PAGE FROM BIBLE HISTORY.



## HYDROPHOBIE.



U lieu du jus divin,  
En guise de bon vin,  
Murphy (qu'on devrait pendre!)  
Murphy voudrait prétendre  
Qu'il faut boire de l'eau!  
N'est-ce pas rigolo?  
Voilà, au bon apôtre,  
Le Credo tout nouveau!  
Ce n'est, nom d'un tonneau  
Ventrebleu! pas le nôtre!

Au sortir du bateau,  
Dégouté de tant d'eau,  
Noé fit la ribotte  
Et perdit sa culotte!  
Son fils, un puritain,  
Le blagua, le matin!  
Et pour fuir sa vengeance,  
Ce maudit, nommé Cham,  
Vint fonder à Gotham,  
L'œuvre de tempérance!

A votre Ruban Bleu,  
Je préfère, corbleu!  
La couleur du Bourgogne  
Qui me rougit la trogne!  
Vive le vin clair et  
Qu'on boit au cabaret!  
Et foin de ces grenouilles,  
A ventre de canard,  
Remplaçant le "Pomard,"  
Par le jus des gargouilles! H.

## HYDROPHOBIA.



INSTEAD of the juice divine,  
In place of right good wine,  
Murphy (who needs suspending)  
Is going about pretending  
That water's good to drink!  
Now, what's a man to think?  
The apostle of Croton sours,  
His creed is a quite new one,  
But, by the Mammoth Tun!  
That creed, sir, is not ours.

When out of the Ark came he,  
Very sick of so much sea,  
Noah got—quite so—which is  
The reason he lost his breeches.  
His son, a heartless hunk,  
Guyed the paternal drunk.  
Then, scared by a frightful vision  
Of his father's wrath, this Ham,  
To Gotham came, the sham,  
To start a Temperance Mission.

But to your ribbon blue,  
I prefer, 'pon my soul I do,  
The Burgundy which causes  
The tint on my proboscis.  
So, a health to the claret clear  
That I drink at my hostel here!  
And fie upon these tadpoles,  
Who change the sweet grape's blood,  
For the thin and tasteless flood  
Flowing round North River shad poles! B.

CHAPLAIN: I am equally at home  
On the platform or the foam,  
Or the lap of my beloved The.  
I never did commit—  
Well, I won't mention it;  
But I never, never spoke to Mrs. T.!

CHOR.: What, never?  
CHAP.: No, never!  
CHOR.: What, never?  
CHAP.: Well, hardly ever!  
CHOR.: He hardly ever spoke to Mrs. T.!

Then give three cheers and one cheer more,  
For the brass-bound Chaplain of the Pinafore!  
In the second act the duet between the *Captain* and *Deadeye* is so re-arranged that now Mr. Talmage warbles to Mr. Beecher:

"Sweet Chaplain, I've important information—  
Sing hey! the gay Lothario that you are!  
About a certain criminal relation—  
Sing hey! the Married Woman and the Saint  
Sing hey! the Married Woman—  
The merry Married Woman—  
The merry Married Woman—  
And the Saint!

Of course, the one grand gem of the performance will be the Talmagized version of the immortal "He is an Englishman," now set for the new *Deadeye's* tender baritone:

DEADEYE: He is a Clergyman!  
For he himself has said it.  
And it's greatly to his credit  
That he is a Clergyman!  
ALL: That he is a Clergyman!  
DEADEYE: For he might have been a Lawyer,  
A Clerk or Copp or Sawyer—  
Or a Pol-i-tish-i-an!  
ALL: Or a Pol-i-tish-i-an!  
DEADEYE: But in spite of wives and daughters,  
Who'd lure to other waters,  
He's remained a Clergyman!  
ALL: Hurrah!  
For the solid Clergyman!

Due notice will be given of Mr. Beecher's first appearance.



# PUCK'S PANTHEON.

I.  
S. J. T.



"I assure you, my dear friends, it was that naughty Pelton boy did it all!"



## ANOTHER SUFFERER FROM DISHONEST BANK OFFICIALS.



MR. WM. SIKES:—"It is too bad. I was a-goin' to make a first-class cracksman of that 'ere boy, and now that the bank officials is a robbin' all the banks theirselves, he's reduced to priggin' 'Wipes' from old women!"

## A LITTLE MISTAKE.

NIGHT SCENES IN NEW YORK.  
IN DARKNESS AND BY GASLIGHT.

By TONY PASTOR.

GEORGE RUMGO, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7th, 1879.

Dear PUCK:

From the above advertisement it would appear that the gymnast of the Brooklyn Tabernacle is ashamed (as he has reason to be) to publish the "Night Scenes in New York" under his own name.

Now, if Talmage has reflected that, in the light of recent events, his own name attached to [the book would be sufficient to prevent any decent citizen buying it, of course he has a perfect right to publish anonymously or under any *nom de plume* he chooses—providing he does not adopt that of another author; but to publish his insane ravings under the name of Tony Pastor is certainly a flagrant infringement of personal rights.

It is strange that Talmage, after his sweeping denunciations of everything connected with the stage, should shelter himself behind a name so well known in New York as Tony Pastor's. Perhaps, however, Talmage is under the impression that the variety stage occupies a higher moral plane than the tragic or the lyric.

If the mountebank of the Tabernacle is enamored of the name of Pastor, why does he not sign himself A Tony Pastor (although A Peccant Pastor would be more significant)? No one then would be imposed upon, or unjustly suspect Mr. Pastor of perpetrating such infernal nonsense as Talmage has published under his name.

Yours,

SID.

Our correspondent is in error. He has been imposed on by a similarity of titles. Talmage's book is called the "Night Side of New York." Mr. Pastor is the author of "Night Scenes in New York." Evidently "Sid" is acquainted only with the former work. If he read it through he has our sincerest sympathy.

ED. PUCK.

## FIAT WISDOM.

THE most successful collector in town wears a suit of dun-colored clothes.

TALENT is a good thing; but what's native talent compared to a rich dad?

HARPER'S *Bazar* is always dated two weeks ahead. They have to do it to keep up with the fashions.

THE grand secret of Russian valor—There's so much "itch" to their names it's no wonder they "come up to the scratch."

THERE are, it is said, upwards of seventy ways of making lightning rods. There are more than a million ways of lying about them.

"YOU'LL never miss the water till the well runs dry." And there's a heap of fellows about this town who wouldn't miss it then.

THE coolness of railroad engineers in time of danger is proverbial; but why should they not be cool? Are not their engines always cooled?

CANON FARRAR wants to know: "Is there a hell?" If he'll come out here and wrestle with three or four book-agents a day, he'll think there ought to be.

KANSAS CITY has a musician by the name of Seurmilch, who advertises to play ball music. He may do for hops and hoe-downs, but never for the cream-of-society balls.

"ORPAH kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her." Oh, yes! but that kind of mother-in-law may have lived thousands of years ago; now-a-days the m.-i.-l. does the cleaving.

THERE's a man in Ottawa who will never, under any circumstances, permit his wife to split wood. He says it's hard enough for her to build the fire; hanged if he don't hire a donkey to do the splitting.

ELLIS M. CLARKE.

## AN INTERROGATORY SYRACUSAN.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 8th, 1879.

Editor of PUCK:

Sir—Permit me to ask: Is PUCK a spirit? Has he a gynyalogy? Has he his kin to protect him only? Do you know what fairy pays when he travels? Could one so entirely beautiful be called a half fare? Or, is he half air and half earth? Now, is "half-and-half" admissible among spirits? Isn't he more than 'alf and alf' able in his demeanor? I'll.

Truly yours,

SLOWCUS.

## FROM A RELATIVE OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 6th, 1879.

Editor PUCK:

Freut mich, dass Sie ein Paar meiner Calembours gebrauchen konnten. Hier sind noch mehr:

## GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

Why Oming?

'Tennie C.—Clafin.

Minne-sot-a—or A. Sover? What did Minnie seek?

Lots of girls Kan-sas.

I-owe-ah—more than I can pay. (Don't publish this.)

The passion of the chase was in—Diana.

No disciple of Mohammed would Miss-houris.

The trouble with a conceited reporter is Pennsylvan-ia.

So much noise has been made in this country about the color line, that the last State admitted has been called Color-ado!

You will notice that a big dog is always more gentle than a little pup. Thus it is that the biggest State in the Union will Texas when smaller ones wouldn't. FAT.

## THE RIGHT WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

CITY, Feb. 11th, 1879.

Editor PUCK:

Sir—As a Catholic I have to thank you for "What we pay for our Religions." Return to the subject soon again, I beseech you—and, touching the cathedral "scandal," why don't you unearth it?

Have you nothing to say for our competent, eminent, and energetic Cardinal?

Give him a rub, or scrub—and earn the everlasting gratitude of THE WRITER.

## A BELATED PUZZLER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11th, 1879.

Editor of PUCK:

Sir—Possibly some of the many candidates for the valuable prize offered for the "very worst" set of answers to PUCK's Questions may be able to solve the following:

I.—What relation is Tammany to Oakey—and if so, why?

II.—Which of the axioms of Euclid declares that things which are greater than the same are greater than one another—and if so, how many?

J. R. C.

## AN OPINION.

BUFFALO, Feb. 7th, 1879.

Dear PUCK:

I am a moral young man; have read your paper since the publication of the first number, and am highly pleased with everything you have published—even with the articles referred to by that respectable San Francisco *Family Journal*. If the young man who furnishes that paper with the bosh you quoted last week lived in Buffalo his occupation would be gone, for living here he would be a buffalo thought. See? That respectable &c. journal ought to go west and grow up with the Pacific. F. CHARLES.



## SERENADE.

WHERE the wily hamper curleth,  
Where the binturong unfurleth,  
There we'll hear the looloo flying,  
There the besom's gently dying.

Hark! the spirit of the linneth  
Now its weary trail beginneth;  
And the jujube coiling slowly  
Wafts a kiss to Worax lowly.

And the lydrop, pullulating,  
For the marle is madly waiting.  
There the dodo sorteth gravel,  
Thither, darling, let us travel!

C. C. S.

## MR. MUGGINS TEACHES SCHOOL.

HARDLY had I become possessor of my new-fledged honors, or words to that effect, before I was made aware, by the village gossips, of the fact that that was the worst neighborhood for "school-scholars" that ever was known; and when I heard that two teachers had been maimed for life, that one had actually died, doubtless from the results of his murderous encounters with this ruffianly gang of embryo Molly Maguires, and that not one had taught out his full term since the memory of the oldest inhabitant ran not to the contrary, I began to consider whether a dignified retreat would be in order; but as no Muggins had ever been known hitherto to quail in the hour of battle—(I want to get off here, in a joking way, something about "quail on toast," but don't see my way clear to do it)—I was not going to be the first to bring discredit upon my family name, or disgrace upon a long line of sardonic and prehistoric warlike ancestry. So I nerved myself (with beer) for the impending conflict, and went down to the school-house, as bold as a sheep.

"Now, boys," said I, in tones of distant thunder, "I'm master here, and I want it distinctly understood at the outset."

"Vos dot so?" inquired one of the roughest of the boys.

"Silence!" I shouted at the impudent fellow. "I shall expect good order here. I may make some allowance at first for your previous bad education, but I shall brook no interference with my prerogative, and shall punish with the utmost severity the first malicious offender."

"Gottinimmel!" said another audacious wretch.

"Silence!" I thundered again, and glared at the culprit like a Bengal tiger or a laughing hyena.

"Mine gootness grashus!" said one of the girls. "Is it alive?"

At this sally all the school laughed; and as I turned and said "Miss!" with a good deal of severity, an inkstand whizzed by my head and just missed me and went, *crash*, against the wall.

"Ya," said one of the urchins, "dot vos a miss dot time, aber it will be a *hit* next time!"

And then they all roared with laughter again.

Well, thinks I, this is too much of a good thing. I had attended normal school at one time in my life, and listened to lectures on "discipline," and how much easier it is to govern with kindness than with severity, and thinking perhaps that I had started off with a little too much austerity, I tacked about and tried the effect of gentleness.

"Children!" said I, "we have not yet declared war. I am your friend, and I want you to be on friendly terms with me. Let us see if we cannot be friends together. You have come here to *learn*, and not to act like savages. It is for your own interest that you should pre-

serve order, and not, by precipitating the whole school into a state of anarchy and confusion, prevent yourselves from accomplishing the very object you have in view in prosecuting your studies in this temple of science."

During the delivery of this pacificatory harangue a seditious murmur ran through the school which increased as I advanced, till at last they were all up in arms and in open rebellion.

"Ve ist nichts thieves, and ve vill nichts be prosecuted! You tinks you takes de law on us! Aber ve vill see about dot mebbe!"

These and similar other exclamations were followed by a shower of missiles, in the form of books, slates, inkstands, &c.

The school-house, like all others in that part of Pennsylvania, was constructed to serve the double purpose of church and school, and a cheap wooden pulpit occupied a place on the platform. Behind this I found a convenient refuge, where, like a wise general I lay in ambush till they had exhausted their ammunition, and then I crept valorously forth.

Seizing the first small boy I could lay my hands on, I proceeded to assert my authority by turning the young man wrong end up, and trying the force of argument administered in the orthodox way, before normal schools and their new-fangled notions were invented.

The effect of this was to convince that boy of the error of his way, but the rest were still unconvinced. Some of them were too large to be convinced—in that way, and so, satisfied with the victory I had won for the day, I thought I had better retreat in good order, before my rear should be out-flanked, and retreat cut off.

Accordingly I dodged out of the door like a boomerang in a gale of wind, followed by the whole unruly pack, shouting in chorus:

"Third person, present tense!  
Throw old Muggins over the fence!"

I meandered down the street as fast as I could conveniently go. On the way I met old Hans Pickelsnipfer, who asked:

"Vot! Ist der skoo-el-house dismissed out already?"

"Well, yes," said I. "The fact is I am not very well to-day, and—you must excuse me, as I am in somewhat of a hurry."

I cut my interview with old Pickelsnipfer somewhat short in consequence of hearing in the distance the ever-increasing burden of the chorus:

"Third person, present tense,  
Throw old Muggins over the fence!"

How I returned next day, and flogged the turbulent boys and shook the vixenish girls into subjection; and how they ever afterwards had the reputation of being the best behaved scholars in any district in that part of the country, I shall not now give a detailed account of. I shall never forget, however, the terror that seized upon my soul when I heard the chorus of the unruly crowd as they followed me down the street, shouting:

"Third person, present tense,  
Throw old Muggins over the fence!"

It rings in my ears to this day.

Yours abnormally,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

## "OF ONE MIND"—FOR ONCE.

(London Punch.)



"Socialism seeks to reach its end through revolution." "Now for the Pig-Sticking!"  
Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical. Bismarck.





CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

"Pa, I want \$500 for my dress for the "Charity" Ball."



"Charity's" Flower and Fairy Dance. (Got up regardless of expense.)



"Remember, Joanna, if I'm George Washington and you're Marthy, it's for sweet "Charity's" sake."



CALCULATING YOUTH. "Wy, Bill, the price of them clothes would support you 'n' me fur more'n a week."



VIEWS INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

"CHARITY" B.



PUCK.



Going to be an angel, at no expense to anybody.

BE LIBERAL  
TO THE  
POOR.  
ALL  
SORTS OF WINES.



"I shuppose, now, the profitsh on zish wine'll buy more'n two quarts of milk for some of them little paupersh."



Grand Financial Result.

GRAND  
CHARITY  
BALL.  
To Care for OUR  
POOR  
DURING THE  
HEATED  
TERM.



Grand Result to the Poor.

TY BALLS.



## PUCK'S QUESTIONS.

Ever since the publication of the first batch of PUCK'S QUESTIONS, we have been so overwhelmed with answers of every imaginable variety that, had we the broad shoulders of our Atlas-histed contemporacy, the *World*, the original champion buzzer, we should find difficulty in bearing up under the burden. This must be one apology for a second time disappointing our readers. We have been able only to select out of all the competitors, the winners of the first and second prizes. One set of responses we print below. The other fortune-favored braves will be duly disposed of next week. In the meantime, we can only inform Mr. "Young Brigham" and Mr. "Finnegan Wakely" have only to send their p. o. addresses to this office to receive the munificent remittances they have earned. We trust they will not spend these sums in foolish dissipation or riotous living; but will conduct themselves with seemly moderation.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan 30th, 1879.

HEREWITH please find answers to all your questions. A certificate signed by our mothers-in-law would be too numerous to mention. As to our nearest male friend—his name is Henry. On the Brooklyn Heights he feeds his flock—a jovial swain. 'Tis but a step from your village. Go you to him for the certificate, and he will sign, seal and deliver. So shall you save me much postage and oblige YOUNG BRIGHAM.

## ANSWERS TO BATCH 1.

- 1.—In the dark—continent.
- 2.—They were ruined by the Fall.
- 3.—The man what stole his legs.
- 4.—Buck Fanshawe.
- 5.—Buck cause.
- 6.—'Tis from Locke's hearsay.
- 7.—The man who struck B. Patter's son was B. Patters, and he struck him for the great good of his poster—ity.
- 8.—The wife of the missing link wore the first chest-protector. The great-grandmother was a monkey.
- 9.—Beating a letter-carrier.
- 10.—They are *not* changed at all. Poor Trust is dead. Bad Pay killed him. Caught agin, and that's half the battle.
- 11.—Cleaner work than washing others. The *Tribune* took water and will not wash.
- 12.—By the tale—"What a sheep pair of breeches, said Bryan O'Lynn."
- 13.—He wears low-neck dresses. Look and see for yourself.
- 14.—Simmer it down.
- 15.—When John Rogers was burned at the fagots no bawls passed through the fire.
- 16.—Eli sticks at nothing. There is no relationship.
- 17.—Taking the Pope's nose last. Odd thousand.
- 18.—The cops, when they got the chicken thieves dead to rights. He drew a long bow. Read "Sparrowgrass Papers."
- 19.—The fire-bug.

20.—Pius IX. His duties were performed in a Peter Funk tory Manor. He buyed the plate.

- 21.—"Give us a rest." It's a dear little duck.
- 22.—Deadlight. It was not a liver.
- 23.—Depends upon the price of news.
- 24.—Not dyin', but livin' Boucicault. King of trumps.
- 25.—Which would you rather do or go a fishing?

## ANSWERS TO BATCH 2.

- 1.—Bee cause.
- 2.—The Sextant—and put him in the shrouds.
- 3.—'Sno matter.
- 4.—Cecil, Hay?
- 5.—Jimmy's sett.
- 6.—Beecher did all over twist, and is still untwisted.
- 7.—Walter's cot.
- 8.—A lariat.
- 9.—A Reade organ.
- 10.—Talmage among the Philistines, when he shied his castor. By its odor.
- 11.—Too much for good nature—in a mixed company.
- 12.—Cremation—whether the bein's are baked in Boston or elsewhere. At the present it has attracted only General Notice.

## THE THEATRES.

Only six Pinafores this week. The Misses STANDARD, LYCEUM, and FIFTH AVENUE wear the best ones.

Mr. Edgar, at the BROADWAY, having successfully anything but leered through Lear, has appeared as Major-General Othello of the Venetian Army with much acceptability.

If you want to purchase a ticket for the Liederkrantz Ball, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted. This glorious feast of soul and flow of reason will take place to-morrow evening at the Academy. No connection with any other house. E pluribus unum. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks retrieved itself by giving an Elksellent ball at the ACADEMY. There were several thousand fewer people present than last year. PUCK was well received. "Wardrobe tickets" were substituted for hat-checks, and were not unpleasantly obtrusive on this occasion.

As we go to press, the ACADEMY is a galaxy of brilliancy. The musicians have tuned their instruments, and are discoursing most sweet music in the cause of sweeter charity. Mr. Arthur Leary is the moving spirit of the Charity Ball; but he is well seconded in his efforts by a host of the gentler sex of the leading members of our fashionable society. Whatever may be, PUCK's hard-pan opinions about our system of helping the needy, sick and afflicted, there can be doubt that the "Charity" is the ball of season, and it is an eminently correct thing to go there.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

LXXV.

THE ELEVATED RAILROADS.



Ya-as, everwybody must have been surprised that I have nevah referwed to the wailroads that are now erwected in New York—I mean those called wapid twansit woads which wun

on irwon fwameworks along some of the stweets, and make a d-d-devil of a wacket by wattling.

A fellow pwevious to the constwuction of these woads was invarwiably obliged to weach his up-town wesidence in a twam car at a verwy slow wate of pwogwess, unless he went in a carwiage, or an omnibus, or wode on horseback, or became an ordinarwy pedestwian.

A fellow can twavel up-town in a tolerwably short space of time, and some of the arwange-ments are positively not bad, by Jove.

Aw don't mean to say that these Amerwican woads are at all equal to the Metwopolitan and Metwopolitan Distwict wailways in town—London—ye know; but still they are aw about as wespectable a thing as a fellow could weasonably expect to find, at so considerwable a distance fwom Gweat Bwitain.

Its twoublesome peculiarwities are that there are no differwent classes nor differwent pwices, and everwy fellow has to sit next to everwy othah fellow, wegardless of the othah fellow's twade or pwofession, or the peculiarwities of his garments, which are often dweadfully out of fashion.

I pwefer our English first-class carwiage, where, in a majority of cases, you are pwivate, or, at any wate, you have comparwitively select fellow-passengers.

Anothah aw queer thing—if a fellow wants to go in the wapid twansit twains, he has to pay just the same pwice to be twansported a hundwed yards as faw a hundwed miles.

I am not in a humor to say maw about wapid twansit at pwesent, but I shall wecur to the subject at aw some future perwiod aw.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She's off.

BUTTERCUP.—You can't ring in any Pinafore on us.

SALSIFEL.—You are of altogether too gloomy a temperament. You have probably been reading the English comic papers for a steady thing. You want to enliven yourself a bit. Go to the Liederkrantz Ball. Get yourself up as a red devil with a green cap, and take a pink domino or two out to supper. Then go to writing comic verse, and, possibly, you'll be rather more in the right spirit.

## AFGHANISTAN.



You may be either Hammer —



or Anvil —



But a middle course is not advisable.



## THE BODY OF A BANKRUPT.

R. E. FRANCILLON, IN BELGRAVIA.

(Continued.)

HE drew himself up with an air of proud surprise.

"Is it likely that I should let a man's death disappoint her Imperial Highness, madame?"

"Ah, you take a load off our mind. It is finished, then? And since Coulon is dead, it is in your hands. That a man should have died in making it—ah, that is charming; that will give it double *prestige*. We will see it—now."

"Now, madame?"

He scarcely hesitated; but mademoiselle's ears were as sharp as a lynx's eyes.

"If you please—since it is in your hands. Another fit of insomnia—surely it is here, since it is finished? And since it is in your hands, it is in ours. Her Imperial Highness may require some alteration before it is worn."

He knew he was being doubted, and that he could not bear. And after all the necklace *was* there; and it would surely be his own in a few hours. It might not be honest to the letter to show Louis Renouf's work for Coulon's, or Marie's property for his own. But honor before honesty. He told no lie in opening the safe and in laying the necklace before the eyes of Mademoiselle von Mohacz without a word.

"Ah, mon Dieu, but it is from heaven! It is sublime! Ah, he was a great man, your Coulon, and he is dead because he has made this out of his soul. . . . We will take it with us, monsieur."

"Pardon, madame. Friday was the day named—and in all things I keep my word—as you see."

It was these punctilious caprices of his that had earned him at least his fame; and he would have lost credit in the eyes of Mademoiselle von Mohacz herself if he had yielded in an unessential detail. But the Archduchess would call to-morrow in person to see the Great Necklace—the "Necklace of Life and Death," so mademoiselle vowed it should be named, in respect of the subject of its design, combined with the death of its maker. So pleased was she with her own fancy that she insisted less strongly on carrying it off with her than she would otherwise have done. And so, when she left the goldsmith, it was still safe in his hands.

What mattered it, after all? A plan was now in his mind; and, even if it failed, no woman would coquette very long with twenty-five thousand francs—it was absurd. And she would be here in an hour, the owner of the necklace—Marie Renouf—Marie.

But an hour passed, and she did not come; and then another hour, and then another—and then the whole morning, and then the whole afternoon. Once more Pascal Fénix hurried off to the Rue Ste. Odille; and this time he did not run away from the door. His need was great, and his hunger of anxious love was greater still.

A little more comfort had, even in one day, found its way into the bare garret since Marie Renouf's visit to the Rue Duguesclin. She had been able even to fit up a second room, hitherto empty, so that Bertha might sleep into strength without being disturbed by the late burning of the candle by which the mother toiled at her needle into all hours. Bertha was sleeping now, and the door between the two rooms was closed. Marie was working and thinking together, as some women can in whom "I work" and "I think" mean simply "I feel." There was no need for Marie to think out why she had not paid a second visit to her banker.

Something in his manner, which any woman could read, had made her wish that she had gone to the commonest of pawnbrokers even with such a sacred thing as her husband's master-work. Five hundred francs were more than she had looked for; it was almost too much, for the greater the advance the less chance she had of repaying it soon. A hundred would have gone far towards keeping off the wolf till Bertha got well. She was no woman of business, poor as she was; and, in effect, she knew well enough that only as a last resource would she visit the Rue Duguesclin again. And it was, of course, while she was thinking of her banker, though by no means as he would have her think of him, that he entered her room.

"Have I frightened you?" he asked, with rough gentleness, which frightened her a little more. "Pray forgive me. Of course I was the last whom you were looking to see. But—you see, business is business, madame." He sat down, and as far from her as she could desire. "You were to see me this morning; and, as the mountain did not come, Mahomet must—that is all. You remember that I offered you, on the spur of the moment, twenty-five thousand francs for your necklace. Now, in cold blood, I make the same offer again."

"Will you please to speak low, monsieur? Bertha—my little girl—is ill, and asleep in the next room. A thousand thanks, monsieur, for what I hope will make her well. I want nothing more."

"But—a fortune—for Bertha, madame!"

"When I am dead, monsieur, Bertha may do with the necklace as she will. I cannot help things then. But it is not mine to deal with, till then."

"Your feeling is beautiful—like yourself; but your reasoning is absurd. Listen to me, madame." He placed his arms on the table and leaned a little forward. I know what Louis Renouf would have said were he still alive. He —

"He is alive," said the woman who could do nothing but feel.

"That is nonsense—mere sentimental nonsense. He is dead, and there is an end. He was a—never mind what—but you must know as well as I that he would have sold his soul for a bottle of wine. And—"

"Monsieur! I am his wife!" and she half-rose.

"For two bottles, then. Pray hear me—pray sit down. I cannot think with patience of your being *his* widow—of having been *his* wife—of having—of having been any man's: it is enough to madden me. And—when you persist in killing yourself and your own child for a crazy whim that he would have been the last to understand! Listen. You are poor: your toil has not been enough to keep your child from death's door. You are friendless and alone, and you love your child; and you are beautiful, and young—and that, in such a case, is the worst of all: for you are in Paris, you understand? What do you think will be the end? I am rich; I am honorable; I stand first in my craft in Europe; I have few faults and no vices. And I am in the prime of life, and have never yet loved a woman. And I love *you*."

"Monsieur!"

"Yes—it is true. I have come to save you from all ill. Be my wife, Marie."

In spite of all her former fear she was too amazed to answer. She could only recoil towards Bertha's door.

"I know," he went on quickly, "that I can't expect you yet to say you love me. You have only seen me once, though with me it was once for all. I will risk that. Marry me, because I can protect you and will try to make you happy—marry me for Bertha's sake—don't say you love me—if—if it is not yet true; but

say yes, Marie. I love you with all my heart and soul."

"Ah, for heaven's sake don't wake the child!—No!—What have I done, that this should happen to me? Is it because I parted with—that—for even one hour? And that was for Bertha's sake; but no—wrong is wrong—"

"Hush! Don't be mad, Marie! Think what it means to love you—"

She stepped a pace back towards him from the door.

"No. I have done wrong, monsieur. You are not tempting me, because I do not love you. I love one only; and, since he is dead, he will never die. If I were not still his wife, I could love no man after him. I thank you—since you mean well. But I have done wrong. He bade me never let his necklace leave my hands: and I have let it go. Give—"

"Marie! Do you expect me to take such a no—to give way to such childish folly? I—"

"If it is folly, you are too wise to want to marry a fool. I loved Louis, and I married him, once for all."

"And you are a mother—and for your own child's sake—"

"For my child's sake I am true; and for mine, and for his, and for your own, monsieur. Ah, you reason, but I *know*."

And it was plain even to him in his passion that she knew—once for all.

"It is not folly—it is madness." His first passion, which had never dreamed for one instant of being seriously opposed, was joining hands with its next-door neighbor—rage. "You refuse love, and devotion, and happiness, because you were once married to a man who drank himself to death and left you and his child to starve for a whim? Twenty-five thousand francs! I offer you millions, and throw myself in with them as a bagatelle. And I have never failed in having my will—never, since I was born. Shall I not have it the only time I have cared a straw to have it? What are millions to me, now, without you?"

"You would buy love, monsieur?" she asked, with the saddest scorn.

"Why not—if that is the only way? And if I cannot buy it with gold—I will have it all the same." There was no danger of his waking Bertha. He was speaking low enough now. After all, it was monstrous that a woman should persist in refusing love, wealth, happiness, and Pascal Fénix. Perhaps she was one of those women who will never yield except to a whirlwind, and can only love a master.

"You would force it, then?" she asked, with a scorn more pitiful still.

Was it a challenge?

"Yes!" he said. "I will have it anyhow."

"And you have called Him—are you asking me to hate you, monsieur? Not that I suppose you will mind, in three days. I know what love means. For heaven's sake, let me thank you for saving Bertha, and then go and say no more. No word you can say can move me—not because you are you, but none that any man can say. I am a wife, and I love—once for all. Don't fancy that time will change me. It will only change you—"

"Never!"

"I know. . . . And meanwhile I will reclaim my necklace; and here is all I have not spent of your money, and I will pay you back what I have spent as soon as I can. Forgive me, monsieur, for my last word—I have no other."

Yes—and pledge the necklace with Wertheimer et Cie!

How did such a thought tear through passion? How is it that a man's life is a granite rock which no tempest of passion can even move?

Marie scorned him; and the next day the Archduchess would come to see her necklace, and would go to Messrs. Wertheimer and would



find it there. Was he to risk losing Marie for such an end?

"Let him that thinketh he standeth. . . ." It is ill to preach, but the words will come. The strong man rose and trembled. Those who have learned to know him will know what inextricable chaos of steadfast rock and raging sea was at work within him.

"I will not restore the necklace, and I will not lose you."

The words were enough to make her know him and hate him, and he knew that as soon as they had left his tongue.

"You have never found me to lose," said she. "Here is your money for you."

"You will not have the necklace, which your drunken lover made to save me. And I will not have your money. I will have it, and you too." He did not tremble now, nor did she. But moved towards her, cold with need of her treasure, on fire with need of her. "Yes—or no?"

"No—once for all.—Ah!" There was one plain way to gain the necklace, even though it lost him her. "Ah—" she screamed in a choking whisper, for one of his strong hands was upon her fragile throat, and was pressing harder than it knew.

"Yes—or no?"

"No!—Ah, for the love of God, don't wake the—"

What had he done? He had not waked the child—and the necklace was his own.

## II.

STILL, after seven long years, the house of Pascal Fénix, goldsmith and jeweler, stood in the middle of the south side of the Rue Duguesclin. But it was not Pascal Fénix who, seven years later, sat at the desk in the private counting-house. It was young Marcel Riche, who was looking over the account-books as if he were master, though too young for such a place, one would think, being but seven years older than seven years ago.

His task did not seem to please him—and no wonder; for the entries where the house appeared as debtor were many and large: those where it stood as creditor were very few and very small. In truth, things were very different now from what they were when he was a boy. Ever since that visit of her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Stéphanie, when she came to claim a finished necklace and found only a lump of gold beaten out of all shape by a madman, things had gone wrong. She had, very naturally, transferred her patronage to the house of Wertheimer, and the great world had followed her. There had been a little mystery about the matter into the bargain, for Made-moiselle von Mohacz was positive that Coulon had died before the accident, and could not be persuaded out of her error by the united testimony of Marcel, Madame Coulon, and the physician, backed by the notoriously trustworthy word of Pascal Fénix. But the mystery had not been worth solving. The Archduchess went off, her ambassadress obtained credit as a singularly interesting instance of the effects of insomnia upon the imagination, and the goldsmith was left alone—and a great deal too much alone. For first he lost his best clients, then his second-rate ones, then his best workmen, then his confidential clerk; until at last he was left with nobody but Marcel to act as foreman, bookkeeper and salesman, all in one. It is true that the pluralist held something very like a sinecure, for his designs were never worked, and the state of the books made their keeping more vexatious than troublesome. And yet he stayed on, though the house of Fénix seemed falling about his ears; and he did his best, even to the point of setting out,

to catch stray and passing customers, the window in which anything like vulgar display had once been held profanation.

No doubt such fidelity demands respect. But it sometimes receives more respect than it deserves. And yet it could hardly be the pleasure of peddling and of carrying balances to the wrong side of the ledger that had made Marcel Riche serve Pascal Fénix as long as Jacob agreed to serve Laban.

He was deep in a hideous column of debts when a graceful and tolerably pretty girl, of about seventeen or eighteen, came into the counting-house, and stood patiently by the safe until Marcel had come to an end of his calculations; and then, as soon as he turned round and looked at her, the smile which lighted up his whole face and found a very fair reflection in hers showed plainly enough that fidelity itself does not account for all things; and that Bertha Renouf, the motherless orphan of an old friend and comrade whom Pascal Fénix had adopted out of charity when he was rich, about seven years ago, had a good deal to do with keeping Marcel where he was now.

"Have you done your sum?" asked she.

"Yes," he said, a frown making an inroad upon the smile. "At least, I should have done it if I could only prove to my satisfaction that three thousand eight hundred and ninety-six francs are equal to fifteen."

"Well, never mind now. No doubt you'll do it very well next time. I want to speak to you now."

"Oh, there's plenty of time for sums like that. They're things that one can go at again and again."

"It's about Monsieur Pascal, Marcel." That was the half-familiar, half-respectful name by which the goldsmith was known in his household of three, of whom not one was related to the other.

"Is he no better to-day?"

"Not the least better."

"I can't make it out, dear Bertha. And he always seems so strong in the afternoon. Of course there's only one thing to be done."

"Ah, I thought you would know! What is it, Marcel?"

"Send for a doctor."

"How odd!—that is what I said to him myself this very day. How strange it is that we always think the same about everything! But—"

"But—? I hate But, Bertha."

"So do I—how strange again! But he won't see a doctor—and you know what Monsieur Pascal is when he says he won't," she said, with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

## EPIGRAM.

A man of presence, one whose virtues are  
Beyond the cavil of earth's meanest craven,  
Offending none; I'll bet a prime cigar  
No angry woman ever Claude De Haven.

—Erratic Enrique.

ON Tuesday, the 28th ult., a heavy squall struck St. Louis, and in honor of the event Eugene Field has written a boy-stir-us parody, commencing thus:

You're a colic-stricken laugher,  
Baby mine, baby mine!  
Son of a paragrapher,  
Baby mine, baby mine!  
If you do not stop that howl,  
You will make your daddy growl,  
And pinch each chubby jowl,  
Baby mine, baby mine!

—N. Y. News.



## Puck's Arranges.

IN the midst of life we are in debt.—*Court Journal*.

THE fop feels too big for his boots until he gets corns.—*N. O. Picayune*.

LET's see, wasn't Othello a-tawny general of Venice?—*Bideford Miniature*.

A MAN will sometimes tell a few natural lies when he goes to naturalize.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Highland fling dance might more appropriately be called Hop-scotch.—*Wheeling Leader*.

THE Mormon question—How many wives can I afford to starve to death?—*Buffalo Express*.

MISS DICKINSON's lecture "on platform and stage" does not refer to horse-cars and omnibuses.—*Boston Bulletin*.

MISS KELLOGG having decided to retire from the opera field, will devote the rest of her life to last appearances.—*Boston Bulletin*.

A CHINAMAN will labor for three years to make a nice snuff-box, and then use it to hold his bait when he goes fishing.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

AN Indiana editor has been indicted for murder. His first step in crime was copying paragraphs and clipping off the credits.—*Norristown Herald*.

LOUISE and Lorne have been to see Niagara, but the ungallant falls refused to present itself to their view in a low-necked dress.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

THE Boston *Courier* can't see any reason why a woman shouldn't have the ballot box if she wants it, after the election is over and there is no further use for it.

THE New York *World's* last question is, "Why should the Oil City *Derrick* be the hangman's organ?" So far as we are concerned we gibbet up.—*Derrick*.

THERE is an irrepressible conflict going on in the horse cars between the hater of cold draughts and the contemner of camp-meeting smell.—*Boston Transcript*.

JUST at this present date there is not a first-class stage-coach robber in the whole country, and every boy is crying out, "Learn your boy a trade!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

IT makes an editor mad as thunder to read of the way subscriptions are rolling in to the four-per-cents, while he hasn't had a new subscriber in six months.—*Derrick*.

"Oh! isn't it just glorious?" was Princess Louise's exclamation on seeing Niagara. Lorne didn't say much, but kept thinking about the hack fare.—*New Haven Register*.

THERE are rumors of a new comic weekly in New York, to be called *Pantaloon*. It will not be a rival of PUCK, because PUCK doesn't wear pantaloons.—*Norristown Herald*.

LIFE seems a howling wilderness to a man who stands in his bedroom with a Niagara of water dripping from his face and hands, and no towel in sight.—*Hackensack Republican*.

IT is exceedingly gratifying to know that there is \$220,000,000 worth of coin in the treasury. It encourages us, you know, and gives us the heart to stave-off the milkman and the grocer for another week.—*Bridgeport Standard*.



## MELTING MOMENTS.

Stories about Miss Kellogg's wonderful achievements and adventures are now in order, and we are fortunate in being honored with the first report of the most recent and surprising.

A very few days ago Mr. Strakosch's Opera Company were prisoners upon a train which had been for two days stalled in the snow in the vicinity of Buffalo. Provisions were getting short, wood shorter, and tempers shortest. Even the jolly Max tore from his head a hair—he cannot afford to be extravagant—and anathematized our climate in his choicest polyglot.

Suddenly relief came from the most unexpected quarter. Feebly, from the dim recess near the stove, came the voice of Cousin Charles murmuring, "I have an idea."

The half-petrified company, with two exceptions, started to their feet and shouted, "No?"

The two exceptions were Miss Kellogg and her mamma. They faintly whispered, "We know Charles."

"But this," said Charles, reverently and respectfully approaching his great cousin, "is not one of my usual ones," and a mighty shout of joy went up in that car.

"Clara," he began, hoping that the imminent danger of death might justify the familiarity, "do you not remember how the warm, dulcet tones of your rich voice have before now softened the hardest hearts of the most wicked men; how the fiercest beasts have been tamed by your notes; how even inanimate nature has seemed to pause and listen to you? Why then should you not pour upon this cruel snow the warm flood of your passionate song, before which it will melt and disappear like—like—like winking?"

"Charles," said his stern aunt, "please remember that there are unmarried ladies in this car."

America's favorite child of song thought for a moment, then wrapping herself up in heroic resolution and an extra circular—not one about C. L. C.—said she would go to the platform and try the experiment.

She sang, and with the first note the snow began to disappear as if by magic, and before she had finished one verse the road was open!

Fabulous sums have been offered to Miss Kellogg by the different railway companies to raise the blockade in the West. Mere money has never been counted with her when weighed against devotion to her art. Nothing would induce her to disappoint her New York friends, but it is only right that the public should know the enormous sacrifice she makes in keeping the promises of the management.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

"WHERE were you last night?" said the judge.

"Carnival Authors," said the prisoner. "Staid 'til nine o'clock; was a little Dryden, and went out and Goethe a drink. I couldn't pay the Scott, and a Longfellow at the Wayside Inn asked my name. 'Robert Burns,' says I; 'Put him out,' says he; 'The Dickens you will,' says I; 'my Holmes in the Highlands a drinking the beer; 'You'll get no Moore here,' says he; and the Little Boy Blue came along and ran me in. That's Watts the matter, Judge, I would not tell you a false Hood; I'm innocent as a Lamb."

And the judge thought so, for he sent him behind the bars for thirty days, a wiser, if not a Whittier man.—*Boston Bulletin*.

A TRANCE medium reports having had a vision of the future world. He didn't see any winged angels, or hear any harps playing, but there were lots of sharp featured young ladies working out algebraic problems on blackboards, and he concludes that his vision must have been confined to the Massachusetts department.—*Andrews' Bazar*.

YANKEEDOM is beginning to understand that our people are still unsubdued—that we are still in favor of States' rights, and the rule of white men. That is why she threatens to fall back on Grant, and give him a third term of power. Well, we have this to say: If Grant is elected and attempts to inaugurate the reign of damnation and devilry that characterized his previous administration, he will find himself checkmated after the first move. The South has recovered the right of home-rule, and she proposes to keep it henceforth and forever—Grant or no Grant—and the sooner the hell-beasts of Puritania learn this little lesson by heart the better it will be for their temporary welfare. The South was helpless and hopeless at the close of our magnificent struggle for liberty, and the heaven-ordained system of human labor, but the hour of our prostration is past, and Grant, with all his mudsill millions, has no terror for us. Let him try his old rôle of Dictator again, and see how it will work. He will find his mandates as powerless as those of King Canute, who tried to command the motions of the multitudinous waves. Let Yankeedom elect Grant if she wants to; let her proclaim him Emperor if she wants to. He and she will find that his power ends where that of our proud old commonwealth begins. The South defies Grant; she defies the vicious vulgarians who prop him up; she defies all potentates and powers outside of the original Constitution of the Union.—*Okolona (Miss.) Southern States (Dem.), with its heart fired*.

"IS NOT," asks the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, "is not the Spanish garrote an neck's-screw-ciating thing?" It is—and your pun is another.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE latest rendering of the proverb is, "People who live in glass houses, and who want to throw their arms around the girl, should pull down the blinds." How true it is.—*Peck's Sun*.

If some of our modern tragedians would stop chewing soap and take to swallowing crooked fish bones, the public would get more of its money's worth out of them.—*Wheeling Leader*.

PUCK wants to know if Queen Victoria was ever a paragrapher. Why, of course she was. Her first issue was a royal joke. You must remember seeing it in the Prince.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

"WHY do men always drink when they meet?" asks PUCK. If it isn't because the meat is so tough that they can't get it down without a drink, we give it up.—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

ELI PERKINS says he often runs over to Brooklyn and talks an hour or two to Rev. Mr. Beecher. No wonder Mr. Beecher once feelingly remarked, "I even wish I were dead."—*Norristown Herald*.

WE believe it the duty of this journal to encourage Philadelphia enterprise. Why in the thunder don't some of our furniture manufacturers send the Princess Louise a price-list of cradles?—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

WE always prepare to pucker on the receipt of PUCK, but are unable to tell which is most admirable—its genial fun or scathing sarcasm. PUCK has grown to be as immortal as its Shaksperian namesake.—*Camden Post*.

IN this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it's his mother's slipper; next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an air-hole in the ice.—*N. Y. Express*.

WE like to get a postal card from the editor of a "patent inside" paper, and asking us to send him a specimen copy of our paper, and assuring us that if he likes its appearance he will exchange with us.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Of the fifteen hundred dollars received by the Sailors' Boarding House Commissioners last year they expended, according to their annual report, five dollars and five cents in relieving sick and destitute seamen and a thousand dollars upon a secretary. The sick and destitute seamen of the port are under very great obligations to these Commissioners.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Now that a bill restricting the immigration of Chinese has passed the House, the woman who supports her husband by taking in washing can afford to have twins occasionally.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

MAPLESON is not the man to put himself forward. He calls his troupe of singers "Her Majesty's Opera Company." It will be left for some American manager to call his cork organization "The President's Minstrels."—*N. O. Picayune*.

"WHY are you looking at me so intently, Alice?" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, dreamily; and yet there is a twinkle about her mouth that shows her appraisal of the young man.—*Boston Transcript*.

MRS. WALTON having patented a plan for stopping the racket of the New York Elevated Railroad, an Eastern paper drops the sly remark that "it is a little singular that it should be left to a woman to manufacture silence."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

THE French are studying the English police system.—*N. Y. Herald*. That may do in cases of simple drunks and petty larcenies, but when somebody steals King George's body they will have to study the system of "the best police in the world."—*Boston Post*.

THE day approaches on which the freckled boy will send to the cross-eyed girl over the way a picture of a flat heart stuck through the middle with a barbed stick. He will call it a valentine, and the stick shows how he is stuck on the gal.—*N. O. Picayune*.

ADOLPHUS—"Angelina, why ith a man cutting wood like melting thnow?" Angelina—"I can't tell, Dolly. Tell me, dear." Adolphus—"Becaith he 'th thawing." This terrible strain on Adolphus's brain receives its fitting recompense. Thugary thweetneth.—*Boston Transcript*.

PUCK for the present week is splendid. There has never before been so smart a comic paper in New York.—*N. Y. Sun*.

We agree with the *Sun*, and we think further that there never before has been so smart a comic paper in existence anywhere.—*Washington Telegram*.

It is told as a good thing at Bay View, in South Boston, that a well-known lady there being unable to speak aloud for a short time from a bad cold, her four-year-old boy, was wonderingly led to ask of a member of the household, "Where's mother's holler gone to?"—*Boston Transcript*.

PUCK for January 29th has three telling cartoons by Keppler, and some very bright and readable letter-press. This admirable paper will soon close its second year, and has demonstrated that this country can and will support an original humorous and satirical weekly.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE closing card of Keppler in PUCK for this week is a design for a new custom house in New York. My Lord Roscoe sits astride the edifice labeled "Senator for six years more," and holding a waving banner of what Daniel Webster would have called "ample folds," inscribed with the word *Victory*, while the supporting columns are skeletal photographs of Evarts, Sherman and Hayes, whose cadaverous countenances are pictures of agony and despair at the load they have to carry.—*Omaha Herald*.



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PROBABLY the happiest combination in all  
this wide world, during these merry winter  
days, is half a mince pie with a boy around it.  
—Hawkeye.

THERE was a young man of Palmyra,  
Sat down alongside of his Myra;  
They had just doused the glim,  
When her parent came in,  
And the young man achieved his Hegira.  
—Hawkeye.

ONE hundred numbers of PUCK have been  
issued, one hundred per cent. of which have  
been better than any other humorous paper  
ever published in this country.—New Haven  
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A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if we are  
the author of the "American Encyclopedia?"  
Well, no—no; not exactly the author of it. We  
killed the Iowa canvasser, however, if that is  
what you mean.—Hawkeye.

"Oh, heaven and earth are far apart," says  
the poet. They are, they are; and it is just as  
well that it is so. If they were very close to-  
gether, the cabinet organ dealers would be  
buzzing the poor, harassed, distracted angels  
eighteen hours a day, and the advertising agents  
would talk them blind the rest of the time.—  
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Louis A. Grass, No. 136 Chambers St.  
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**FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY,**  
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The three highest prizes amount to

**200,000 FLORINS,**  
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and Bonds not drawing one of the above Prizes must draw a  
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**200 FLORINS.**

The next drawing takes place on the

**FIRST OF MARCH 1879.**

and every Bond bought of us on or before the second of March, is  
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Out-of-town orders, sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and in-  
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Highest Awards: Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia and New York.

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"PIPER-HEIDSIECK." We guarantee this medium  
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without regard to cost.

PIPER "SEC" is more adapted to the German and Eng-  
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any wine imported. It leaves the most delicious after-taste on  
the palate.

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WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, STER-  
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TABLE WARES.  
WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS  
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**GINGHAM,** any size.....\$1 00  
**QUANACO,** patented..... 2 00  
**SILK,** paragon frame ..... 2 50

**FINE SILK UMBRELLAS**  
in great variety.

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS to order  
and repaired.

CANES in every style—a large assortment.

36 FULTON ST., near Pearl.  
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104 BROADWAY, near Wall.  
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Established A. D. 1802.

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A Splendid Opportunity To Win A Fortune.  
THIRD GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS C,  
At New Orleans, Tuesday, MARCH 11th, 1879, 106th  
Monthly Drawing.

**Louisiana State Lottery Co.**

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of  
the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868, for  
the term of Twenty-five Years, to which contract the  
inviolable faith of the State is pledged with a capital of \$1,000,000,  
to which it has since added a reserve fund of \$350,000. ITS GRAND  
SINGLE NUMBER DISTRIBUTION will take place monthly on the  
second Tuesday. IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES. Look at the  
following Distribution:

**Capital Prize, \$30,000.**

100,000 Tickets At Two Dollars Each.  
Half-Tickets, One Dollar.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize	\$30,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
5 Prizes of \$2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 Prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1000 Prizes of 10	10,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES:

9 Approximation Prizes of \$300	2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100	900

1857 Prizes, amounting to.....\$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all prominent  
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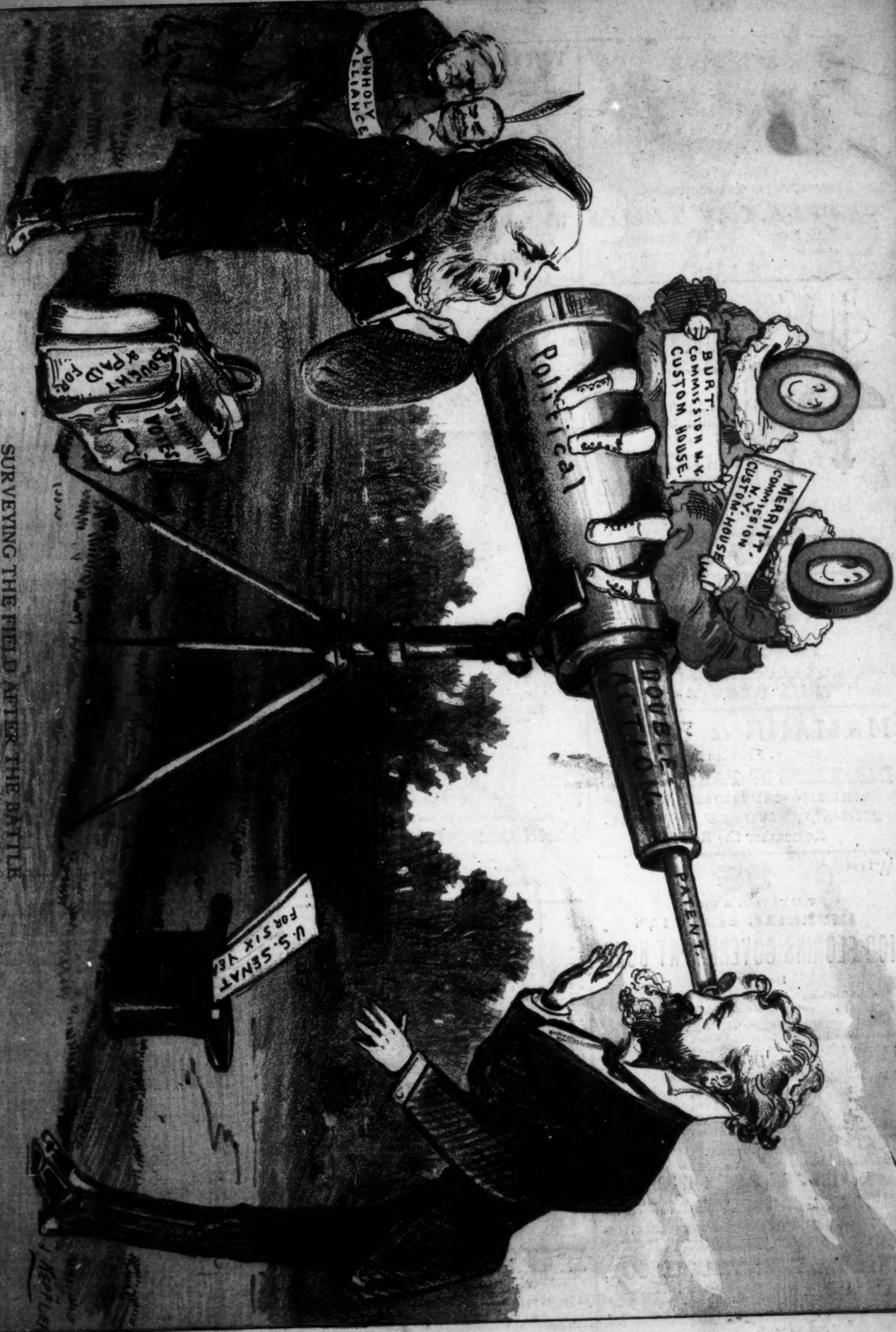
Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the Home  
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Write, clearly stating full address, for further information, or  
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All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision  
and management of GENERALS G. T. BEAUREGARD and  
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SURVEYING THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE

HAVES: "How small he looks!"—CONSIDER: "By Jove, he's a bigger man than I thought he was!"